



The VVesterne Knight, and the young Maid of Bristol,
Their loues and fortunes related.

To a pretty amorous tune.



Ill has a yong knight boyn in the West,
that led a singe life,
And so; to marry he thought it best
because he lach a wife.

And on a day he him bethought,
as he sat all alone,
How he might be to aqaintance brough,
with some yong pretty one.

What luck, alas. quoth he I haue I
to live thre by my selfe?
Coode I haue one of faire beauty,
I would not liche for peise.

Ob, but I one though were to wro,
I wrold ver not refus:
I haue enoug h, and aske no moe,
so she will me affe.

With that his man he then did call
that were unto him said,
To whom he come unfolde all,
and unto him he said,

Come saddle me my milke white Steed,
that I may a hawing ride,
To get some bonny Lasse with speed,
whom I may make my Wyde.

On bo;schake mounted this gallant young (Knight,
and to try his fate he went,

To secke some Damselfaire and bright,
that might his mind content.

And as he through Bristol Towne did rde,
in a fine twidow of Glasse,
A gallant Creature he espide,
in the Casement where she was.

His heart then taught his tongue to speake
as some as he her saw.
He unto her his mind did breake,
compel'd by Cupids Law.

Faire Maid, quoth he, long may you haue,
and your body Christ save and fee,
Five hundred Crownes I will you give,
to set your loue on me.

Though I am faire, quoth he, in some soe,
yet am I tender of age,
And want the courtesie of the Court,
to be a yong Knights Page.

A Page, thou gallant Dame, quoth he,
I meane thee not to make;
But if thou loue me, as I loue thee,
so; my Wyde I will thee take.

If honestely you meane, quoth he,
that I may trust your wo^man,
Yours to command; still will be,
at her and she at her.

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The second part. To the same tune.



Then he led her by the lilly white hand,
Up and downe a Garden greene,
What they did, I cannot understand,
nor what passed them betweene.

When he to her had told his mind,
And done what he thought best,
His former promises so kind,
hath turned to a Jest.

Yet he gane to her a Ring of gold,
To keep as her alone life:
And sato, that in short time he woulde,
Come and make her his wife.

Then mounted he b' on his Stād,
And rode from the Damsell bright,
Saying he woulde fetch her with spād,
But he forgot it quite.

When fifteen weeks were come and gone,
The Knight came riding by,
To whom the Lasse with griesous moane,
Did thus lament and cry.

My Knight, remember your bow quoth she,
That you to me did say,
With child, alas, you haue gotten me,
And you can it not denay.

So mayst thou be, quoth he, faire Flōwe,
And the child be none of mine,
Unless they canst tell me the houre,
And name to me the time.

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Full fifteen weeks it is, quoth she,
that you lay my body by;

A gay gold Ring you gane to me,
How can you this do my?

If I (quoth he) my gold Ring gane,
To thee, as to my friend,
Then must not thinke I meane to haue
Thee till my life doth end.

Now do I meane to take for my wife,
A Lasse that is so meane,
That shal discredit me all my life,
And all my kindred cleane.

Moost she, false Knight, why didst thou then
procure my exercisow,
Oy, now I see that faithlesse men,
Will swaers, yet meane not so.

How may I live from toyses exiles,
Like a bird kept in a Cage,
For I am fifteen weeks gone with child,
And but fourteen yeares of age.

Farewel, farewel, thou faithlesse Knight,
Sith thou wilt me forsake,
Oy heavens grant all Malvives bright,
By me may warning take.

When as the Knight did hear what the
pore barnelesse wretched did say,
It mou'd his heart, and quickly he
made her a Lany gay.

FINIS.

An inconstant Female.

With a reward for her disdaine in equalitie: To the same tune.



Duing moztall,
 In loue I here erhost all
 in that estate:
 Loue is wasting.
 But everlasting
 is womens hate.
 Why then line y^ere,
 D^r whereso^r alwaies gine ye
 yont teates and prayars
 To sond woman,
 Whose minde, so common,
 respects no teates.
 Oh be rul'd, and be advis'd
 by one hath sene them,
 by one hath kniowne them,
 by one hath found them
 And their loues so small,
 For what must parted be,
 To me is nought at all.

Once I loued,
 But thousand times have proued
 a curious faire,
 Helens feature
 Beare^s this coy creature,
 and Venus hayze.
 Cupid dandling,
 Ver tender breasts handling,
 yet wth them lyes.
 Loue pursued,
 The more I viewed,
 loue more did rise.
 She did sed me with delay,
 and I wth to have me,
 not once to leaue me,
 but wth to loue me,
 Wth the like respect,
 When she another sweet hart
 Better did affect.

Wth out of sorrow,
 A patience pure I borrow,
 and wait the time:
 She neglefull,
 D^r some respectfull,
 doth let me pine.
 Loue increased,
 But could not be released,
 the more I sue,
 She ungratefull,
 To me turnes hatefull,
 false, faire, untree:
 Spend I loue, or time of feares,
 I am neglected,
 not once respected,
 but quite rejected,
 And can nothing gaine,
 But false dissembling loue,
 D^r send to loue in baine.

Now a Troylus
 I kill must line, yet ioylesse
 of Cresida:
 Loue's mistaken,
 And I forsaken,
 am left for aye:
 Faire she sed me,
 Untill my Daphne sed me,
 with swiftest wings:
 Faire she proued,
 But false she loued,
 so byzens kings
 But now my Loue hath proued
 disdaining pitie,
 to one so witty,
 Ile sing this ditty:
 Thus the note shall sound,
 False-hearted sickle Maides
 Are better lost then sound. Finis.

+ DEDICATORY: EPISTLE: TO THE

A Loue-sick maid's song, lately beguiled,
By a run-away Louer that left her with Childe.

To the tune of In Melton on a day.

A las and well away,
thatere I trod on ground
To see this haplesse day,
wherein such grieses abound.
Alas I cannot leape,
my ioyes are cleane exiles:
I cannot chuse but weepe,
because I was beguiled.

The trees can witnessse well,
my priuy griefe and paine:
These Rocks and stones can tell
the sorrowes I sustaine
By meate is hawes and hips,
my drinke is water cleare:
Nought els my tender lips,
haue tasted this halfe yeare.

But sith no words will serue,
to counternaille thine act:
And that thou doest deserve,
hell tormentis for thy fact.
I will hold me content,
till that I breathē my last:
I cannot now bixuent,
the thing is done and past.

When I shuld take the meat,
that shoud my life sustaine:
There is nothing that I eat,
but aggrauates my paine,
Oh, sie on him whose dæde
both caule me thus complaine
By heart within doth blæde,
wi hysrow griece and paine.

Do whelpe of Tigers bæde,
couldst thou finde in thy hart,
With her that did thæ god,
to play so lewde a part.
Vloe iworth me pore woman,
that did thæ alwertes helpe,
And cursed be the Dam,
brought forth so bad a whelp.

Po maides be warnd by me,
let no such cogging mates,
Spot your virginitis,
br any subtil feates.
Least in the ende you saue,
and sing as now I doe:
Alas and well away,
we are beguiled to.

Ah, evill might he thriue,
that spoil'd me of my health:
The cruelest wretch alue,
hath me vndone by sleath.
For where I lia'd a maid,
a maiden in god fame,
He hath me now betrayde,
and brought me vnto shame.

Thou haast me at thy call,
as hawakes are at the luce:
My selfe, my goods and all,
and what I might procure.
Thou haast it at thy neare,
I never sayd thæ nay,
To stand ther ought in stede,
or helpe ther any way.

Consider words are winde,
or of small forze at least:
And men are most vnknoe,
I speake probatum est.
There is no truoch in men,
the best is all to had:
Who truckis their dealings then
I hold them worse than maw.

My maidnehead is lost,
oh, cursed be the hower:
When he that lou'd me most:
should seeke me to deflower.
Now am I great with childe,
as great as I may goe:
Yet hat hath me beguiled,
away is gone me fro.

And now thou doest requite,
this loue I bear to thæ:
With deadly deepe dispiste,
as now I platnely see.
To leaue me comforstlesse,
my luflesse state to rite:
Thou canst not say no lesse,
but thou haft been vntue.

Who truckis to rotten boughes
Shall fallere they bewares:
Who credites layned bowes:
are honest brought to care.
My selfe may wistly say,
I prot'it to my paine:
I never saw the day,
but words & dæds were swain

Land leſt me here alone,
within this defart place:
To waille and make my moane,
I most distresſed case.
What shall of me betide,
none but the Lord doth know:
He that shoud be my guide,
hath left me here in woe.

Vloe worſh the time that I
gave credit to thy woos:
For now I platnely tric,
tho a bushes giv'ſt for birds.
Vloe worſh thos fained teares,
which thou haſt often spent:
They brought me in the byers
which make me now lament.

And thus to end my song,
I wish you all beware,
And of the flattering tongue,
to haue aſpeciall care.
Keape well your honest name,
as the apple of your eys,
So shall your lasting fame
remaine eternally.

Se vndes resound my cryes,
within the Miser eates:
That he with watryeyes,
may ſhed his brinſh teaces.
To waille the late done dæde.
that he committed haue:
D; else to come with ſpede,
my babe and me to ſaue.

Iwould to God I had
not kno wne thy perjur'd face:
I might haue then beene glad,
where now I reape alasse.
For I did never offend,
before that time with thæ:
Nor never did intend,
to ſpot my chalſity.

FINIS

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